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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



[*The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed in this Department.*]

JOURNALS ON HAND

DEAR EDITOR: I have the following copies of the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF NURSING to dispose of December, 1906; June, 1908; March, April, June, July, August, October, November, December, 1909; February, March, May, June, September, October, December, 1910.

(Miss) E. M. BROWN,

1454 South Grand Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

(Another correspondent writes us that she will send her JOURNAL each month to some one unable to subscribe for it. If any nurse would like to avail herself of this offer, she may communicate with the editorial office of the JOURNAL. We think she should offer to pay the postage on the magazines, which amounts to 60 cents a year.—ED.)

ESPERANTO

DEAR EDITOR: After the New York State meeting several nurses asked me for the address of the Esperanto Society. It is The Esperanto Association of North America, 816 Fifteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C. I did not happen to have it with me at the time.

BEATRICE VAN H. STEVENSON.

NURSING A DUTCH CAPTAIN

DEAR EDITOR: The brig *Gerda* was in the harbor of a well-known English city, discharging her cargo of woods, while her captain lay in a medical ward of the Royal Infirmary. The junior probationers were rejoicing in the thought of having at last "a real bad case" to see to, for it was summer and the city was too healthy to please the budding nurses, who were longing to try their prentice hands. And a handful the captain was, as he lay in the throes of rheumatic fever, grumbling in Dutch, praising in broken English, and groaning like any other man, dividing his time, when pain would allow, between the study of his prayer book and a photograph of his "dear wife." We grew to recognize the former occupation as the precursor of the big Dutch grumble we had learned to dread; the latter, of his softer moments.

For eight long weeks we suffered. I advisedly say we, for never did patient lead probationers such a dance, and long ere his convalescence came I, for one, baby probationer though I was, felt myself fit to be numbered with the saints. But our reward came slowly and surely. The grumbling got feebler, the praising increased, while the groaning died completely away, and the poor racked frame lay quiet and feeble and inert, glad only to be allowed to be at peace. So he gradually returned to health. Then came the day when our interesting patient was to return to his brig and set sail for "Goteboro" and his "dear wife," and somehow we all felt sorry, for, like a troublesome child, he had endeared himself to us, as the sick and helpless have a way of doing. When it came to his good-

bye to me, judge of my surprise to find two golden sovereigns being dropped into my apron pockets, just to buy "von leetle present with." Think of having to refuse such untold wealth, and forgive me a momentary temptation. A youthful probationer, whose income ran only to twelve pounds per annum, who at that moment was reduced to the last halfpenny stamp, twopence in debt for the last two letters written, and two-thirds of a quarter still to run! No money to spend in F—'s tea-rooms, no money for those nightly feasts in the attic bed-rooms, where the night superintendent's footsteps never reach. And yet to have to say, and to feel virtuous in saying it, "Oh, no, thanks, I cannot accept presents. Besides, I'd much rather you put it in the charity box," adding mentally, "and may the falsehood be forgiven me!"

AN ENGLISH NURSE.

AROUND-THE-WORLD LETTERS

(On account of space limitations, the last letter was interrupted in the midst of a description of a day spent in Honolulu.—Ed.)

DEAR EDITOR: In the middle of the afternoon we came to Waihihi Beach. Here some of the tourists were indulging in the novel sport of surf riding. It consists in swimming way out, carrying with you a flat board, shaped like a canoe. On this you lie, sit, stand, or fall off, according to your skill, and the surf carries you in. It is perfectly safe for a swimmer, and as exhilarating as coasting. They have also the catamaran, a narrow skiff, with an outrigger, where the non-swimmer can sit in the middle, a man at each end steering the craft with a paddle.

From here we visited the aquarium, which exhibits only Hawaiian fish. Fish?—they looked more like birds, their colors like brilliant plumage, and as they darted through the water they seemed to fly, not swim. It was now time to go to the ship—which we naturally called going home—to dine and dress for an entertainment at the opera house. This proved to be most interesting, and after the tuneless music of Japan the real melody and sweet voices of the Hawaiians, accompanied by their tiny guitars, was a real delight. Here again the lei played a great part. When the gallery gods whooped, whistled, and stamped their approval, the ushers rushed forward with leis of flowers or orange-colored paper, and slender vines. By the time the most popular ones were through they were so swathed in garlands I wondered how they could sing. Following the music came the hula hula dance, which, I imagine, was kept within limits for the American audience. There was to have been a moving-picture exhibit of the volcano in action, surf riding, etc., but the man who made the pictures declined to exhibit them at the same performance with the dances.

We all hated to leave Honolulu, and no wonder! Many found old friends and made new, and those who had been entertained at luncheon returned laden with leis. When we moved off we were accompanied, not by brown urchins diving for coin, but by our own splendid white boys from the warships, diving and swimming alongside.

On the following days every one was busy packing, even those who were to return on the next cruise, for they have to leave their rooms and go ashore at San Francisco, to allow the stewards to scrub and clean, unhampered.

It would seem presumptuous to try to write about California, when I saw only San Francisco, the weather not even permitting a trip to Mt. Tamalpais.